

were wounded slightly. Lieutenant Church of B Company had a very narrow escape. He was covered by his overcoat and this was cut and torn in several places by a piece of shrapnel. All the men behaved themselves very well indeed and after the wounded had been taken to the Field hospital the camp quieted down and all the men (or most of them) went to sleep again. We have been in camps before that were attacked by air planes but this is the first time our own camp has actually been hit. It almost made me sick in the morning as I began to think about it—the *killing of my men*. The worst of these air attacks is the feeling it causes you to have. You know you are perfectly helpless and if he can make a direct hit on your hut or tent, you are a “goner.” You can build up around your hut and tent a barricade of dirt two feet thick and three feet high which will protect you from the shrapnel if the bomb bursts on the outside. But as you lie in bed listening (if you are awake) to the air planes coming nearer, you and your tent or hut begin to grow larger and larger until it seems to you as though you were bigger than anything else out doors, and that you stand out so distinctly that you just know the air plane is going to drop its bomb on you. It is a very *disagreeable* feeling. It is a helpless feeling. There is nothing you can do to further protect yourself and you lie “awake” expecting the bomb to hit your tent or hut. It is not only one night, but night after night.

The work of Private Herbert I. Champion of the Medical Department last night shows the grit our boys are made of. Although wounded, he assisted in getting the other wounded men to the Infirmary and also assisted Major Campbell in dressing the men's wounds. After the surgeon had finished with the others, Private Champion turned to the surgeon and asked him to see how badly he (Private Champion) was wounded. It turned out that he was as badly hurt as several of the others.

Work went on today as usual and there was but little sign or indication among the men that anything unusual had occurred.

At nine-fifteen the Colonel and I left the camp in his car to meet General Godby and his Adjutant, and Major Lyerly, Captains Seelye and Sullivan, and inspect the West Poperinghe line. We had to plan out the work for two Battalions of Infantry who are to work on this line under the supervision of the Engineers.